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CODE
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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AT LAST...
MONTHLY!

ONE MINUTE FROM NOW...
DD WILL WISH HE'D
STAYED IN HIDING!

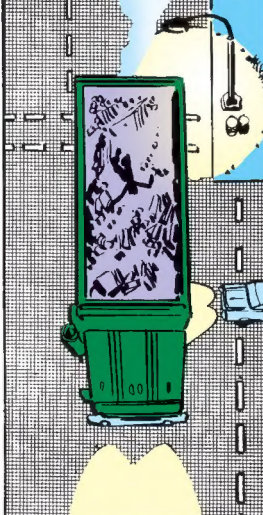
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™



WHEN HE WAS BUT A YOUNG BOY, MATT MURDOCK WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND BLINDED BY A UNIQUE RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE. THE ISOTOPE MUTATED HIS NERVE CENTERS, AMPLIFYING HIS REMAINING SENSES TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS!

AND THEN WHEN GANGSTERS MURDERED HIS FATHER, MATT ASSUMED THE IDENTITY OF DAREDEVIL, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, TO BRING JUSTICE TO MANHATTAN'S SHADOWED STREETS.

TONIGHT, HE FOUGHT HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY, AND HE LOST.

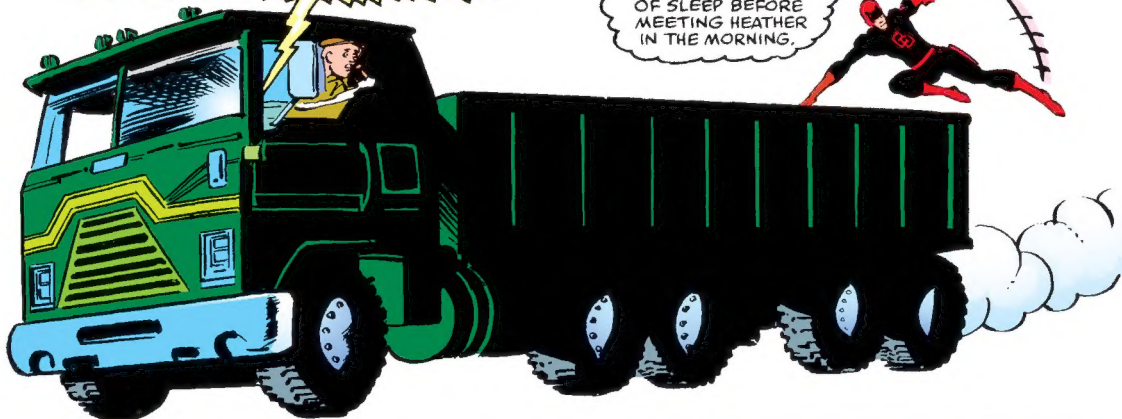


...THAT WAS THE BLUES BROTHERS, WITH THEIR 1980 REMAKE OF SPENCER DAVIS' "GIMME SOME LOVIN'..."

...AND THIS IS BAYONNE BUTCH, ASKING THE MUSICAL QUESTION, "IS ANYONE STILL AWAKE OUT THERE?"

IF THE CHILL IN THE AIR ISN'T ENOUGH, THAT LATE NIGHT DISC JOCKEY JUST GAVE ME A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT TIME IT IS.

I CAN STILL GET A COUPLE OF HOURS OF SLEEP BEFORE MEETING HEATHER IN THE MORNING.



LATER...

IT'S ME-- QUIN. YEAH, SURE, WE SET UP EVERYTHING JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

BUT, MAN, HE TRICKED US!



WHATTAYA MEAN WHO DO I MEAN? I MEAN THE KINGPIN, DUMMY!

WE WAS ALL SET UP TO BLAST HIS PLANE TO PIECES WHEN IT LANDED-- BUT HE SENT A DECOY PLANE WHAT BLEW UP IN OUR FACES!

SO HE'S IN TOWN, AND HE'S...

...HE'S...



BRAXABRAKABRA!

HE'S STILL ALIVE, BOSS. YOU WANT I SHOULD LEAN ON HIM?

LET'S NOT BE STUPID, LYNCH. WE HAVEN'T THE TIME.

HIS EMPLOYERS ARE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KEEP IMPORTANT SECRETS FROM SMALL TIME MUSCLE LIKE HIM...



...EVEN IF THEY WERE SO FOOLHARDY AS TO ABDUCT MY WIFE.

TELL THEM I WANT HER BACK, QUIN. TELL THEM THAT THE KINGPIN IS WILLING TO DEAL.

CENTRAL PARK...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MATT. JUST WHAT IS IT THAT THOSE CRIMELORDS WANT?

YOU SAY THEY'VE KIDNAPED THE KINGPIN'S WIFE, AND DRAWN HIM BACK TO THE CITY. WHY?

THEY WANT HIS FILES, HEATHER.

BACK WHEN HE RULED THE MOBS, THE KINGPIN GATHERED IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF VARIOUS CRIMES COMMITTED BY HIS TOP MEN, AS INSURANCE AGAINST MUTINY.

THE KINGPIN IS--OR WAS--NEGOTIATING WITH THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE TO TURN OVER THOSE FILES. IF HE HAD DONE THAT, THE PRESENT LEADERS OF THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD WOULD NOW BE FACING PRISON SENTENCES.

THE CRIMELORDS ARE DESPERATE FOR THOSE FILES. BUT THAT'S JUST IT--

--SO AM I. THIS IS A CHANCE TO STRIKE A CRIPPLING BLOW TO ORGANIZED CRIME. I MUST PLAN CAREFULLY...

...PREPARE A STRATEGY THAT WILL ~~UFF!~~

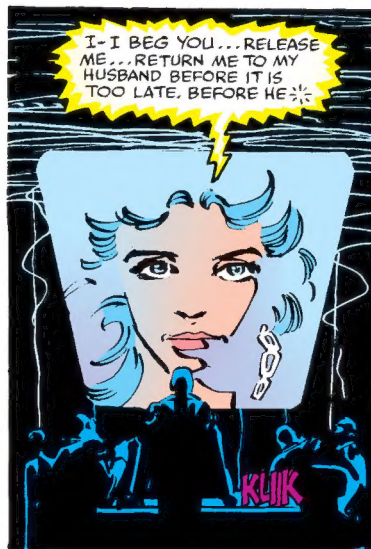
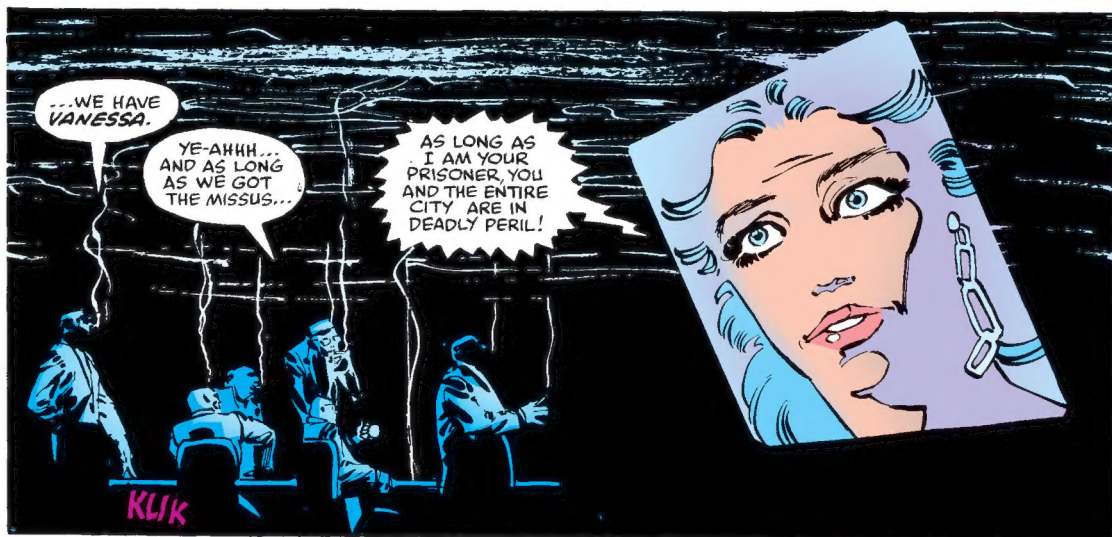
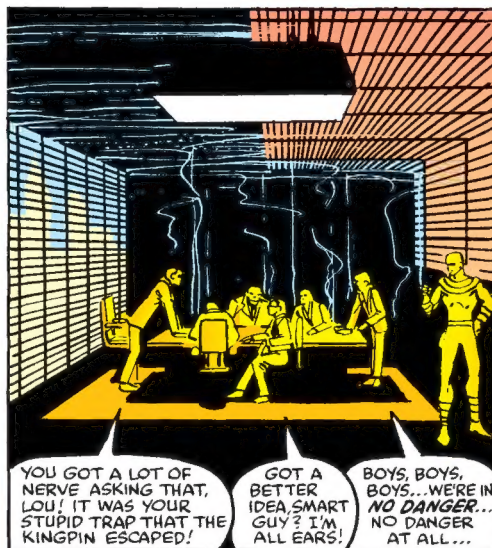
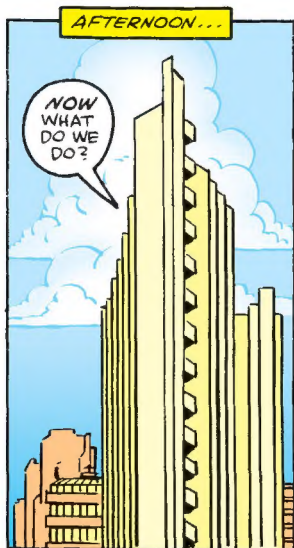
SHOP TALK! NOTHING BUT SHOP TALK!

SOME 'SWASHBUCKLER' YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

MILADY, YOU MISJUDGE ME!

PURE OF HEART, VIRTUOUS IN BOTH THOUGHT AND DEED, I LIVE ONLY TO SERVE THY WILL...

MY HERO!



EVENING...

QUIET. IT'S AS
QUIET AS A TOMB.
I WON'T FIND OUT
ANYTHING FROM MY
USUAL CONTACTS.

HAVE TO TRY
A LESS
FLAMBOYANT
APPROACH.

SO I'M TENDIN' BAR
LAST NIGHT, AND ALL
OF A SUDDEN, THERE'S
THAT DAREDEVIL CREEP,
SITTIN' PRETTY-AS-YOU-
PLEASE, RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE JOINT!

CAN YOU
BELIEVE THE
NERVE OF
THAT BUM?

BAR
JOSIE'S
GRILL

ANYWAY, TURK,
HE JUST UP AND
JUMPS THROUGH
THE WINDOW! HEAD
FIRST, STRAIGHT
THROUGH IT!

I COULDA' KILLED HIM. YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH THOSE THINGS COST?
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, THEY
AIN'T CHEAP!

WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER?

I'M NOT
THIRSTY.

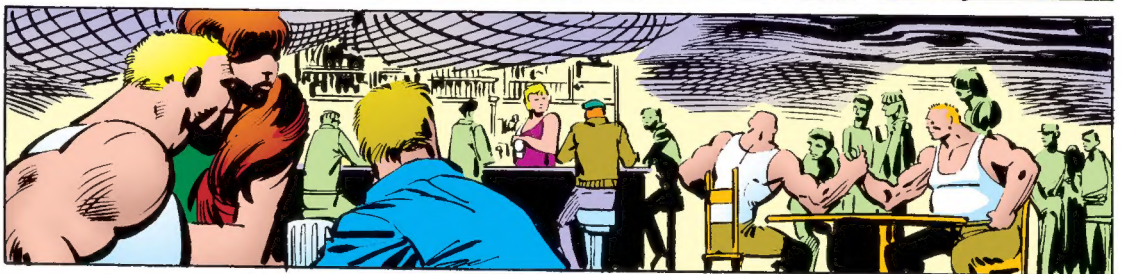
NOT THIRSTY? THEN WHY YA
HERE? YOU LOOKIN' FER A LADY?...

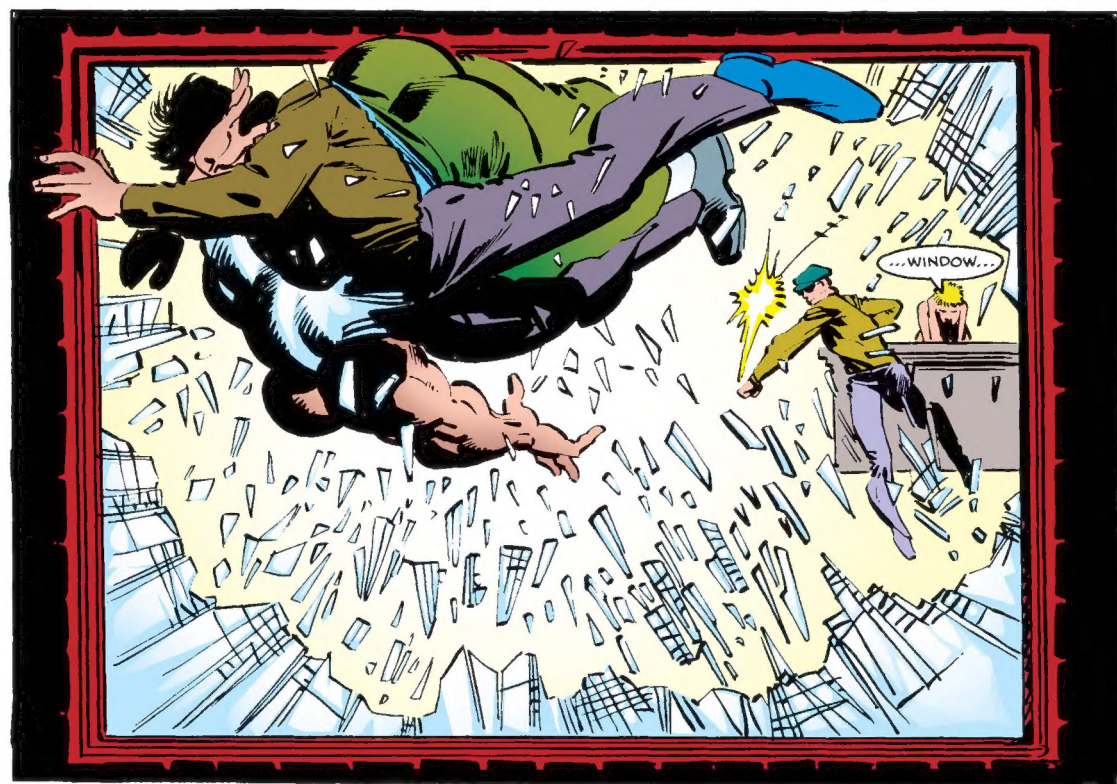
I'M LOOKING
FOR A MAN.

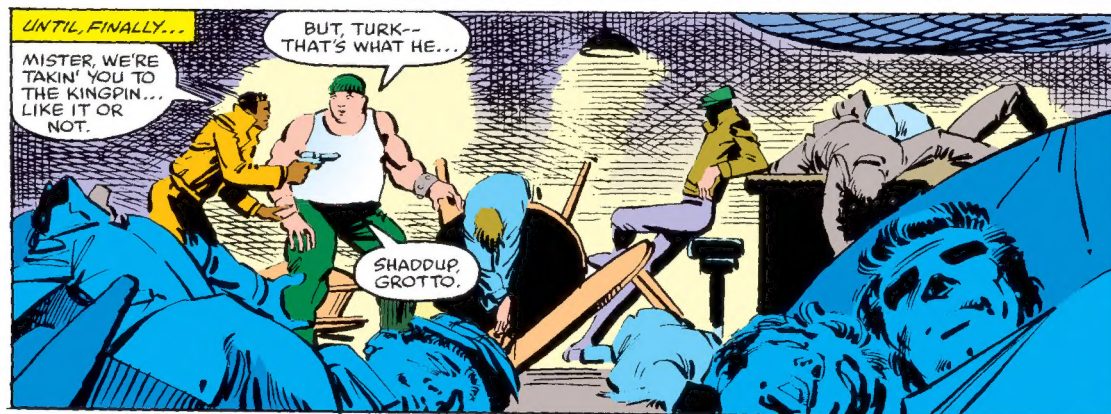
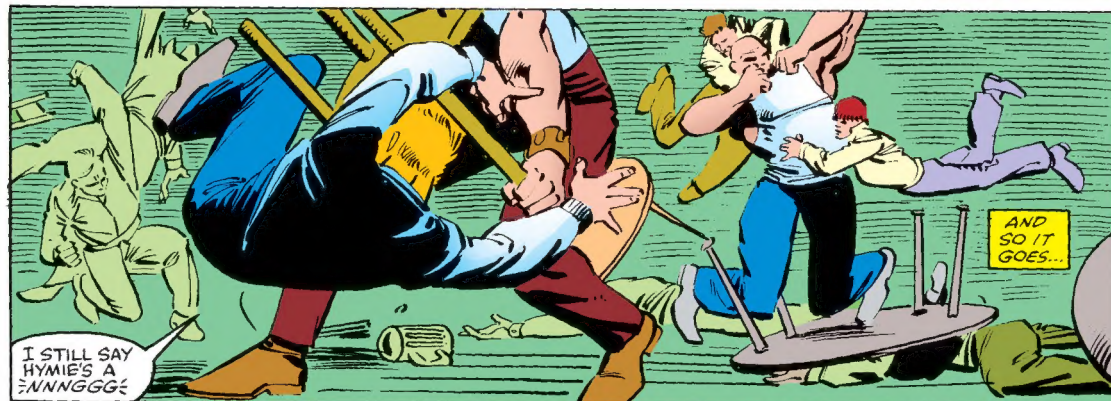
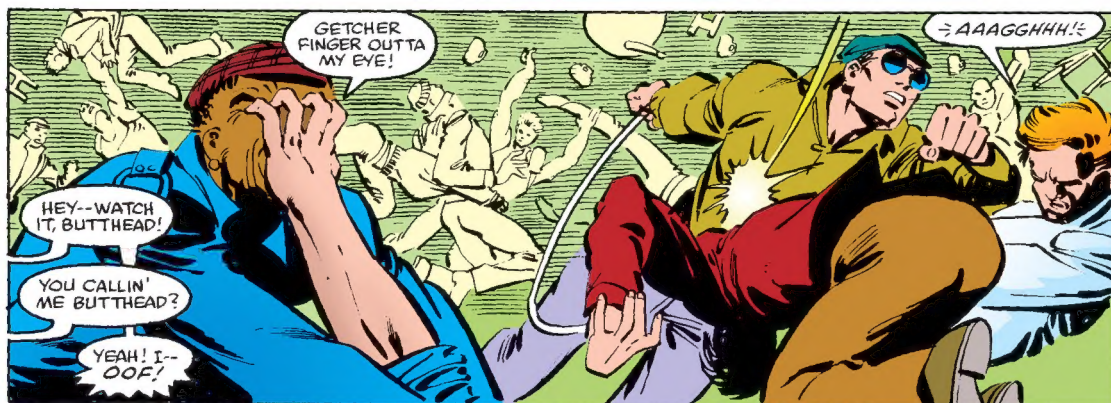
TAKES ALL
KINDS.

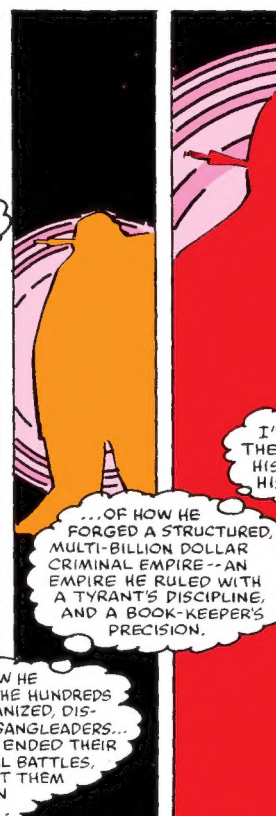
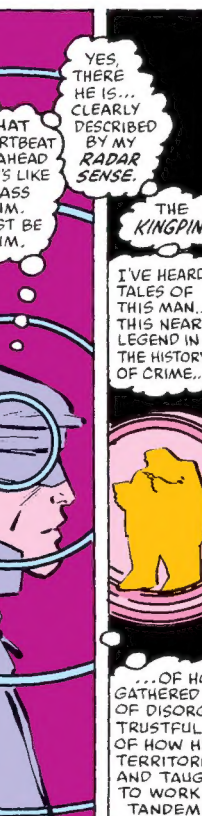
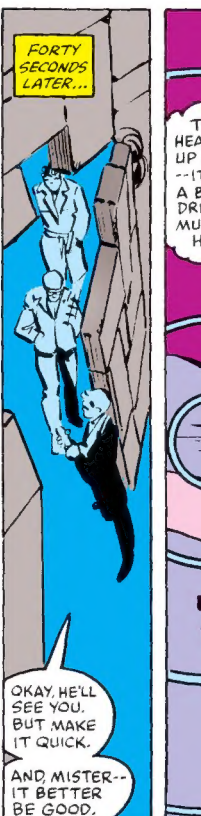
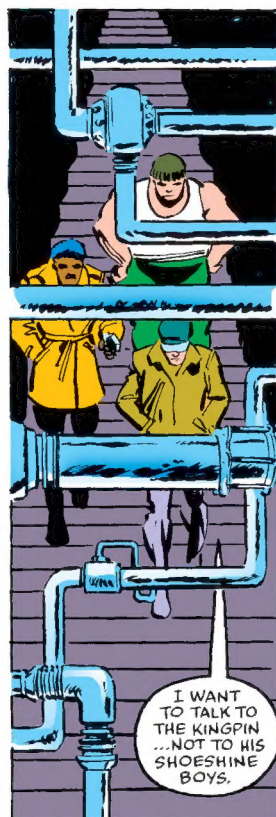
I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN
WHO'S LOOKING FOR A LADY...

...A LADY NAMED
VANESSA.









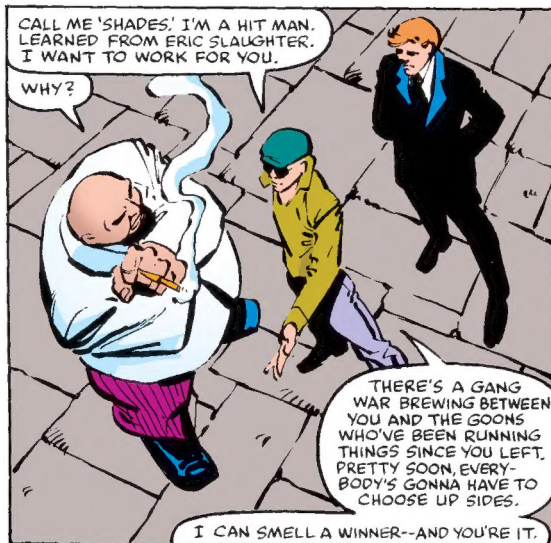


WHAT FREAK OF NATURE PRODUCED THIS CREATURE ...PUT SUCH MASS AND STRENGTH AT THE DISPOSAL OF A CRIMINAL GENIUS?

HIS PRESENCE SEEMS TO CHARGE THE AIR AROUND HIM, COMMANDING ATTENTION-- AND OBEDIENCE. IT'S ALMOST HYPNOTIC...

YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO PERSUADE ME NOT TO HAVE YOU SHOT.

MAKE USE OF IT.

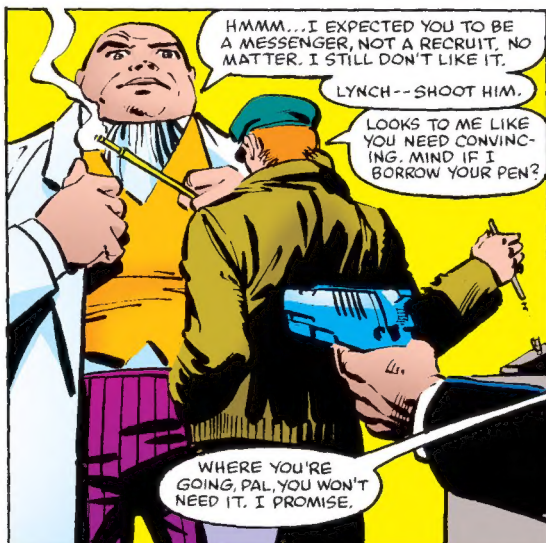


CALL ME 'SHADES.' I'M A HIT MAN. LEARNED FROM ERIC SLAUGHTER. I WANT TO WORK FOR YOU.

WHY?

THERE'S A GANG WAR BREWING BETWEEN YOU AND THE GOONS WHO'VE BEEN RUNNING THINGS SINCE YOU LEFT. PRETTY SOON, EVERYBODY'S GONNA HAVE TO CHOOSE UP SIDES.

I CAN SMELL A WINNER--AND YOU'RE IT.

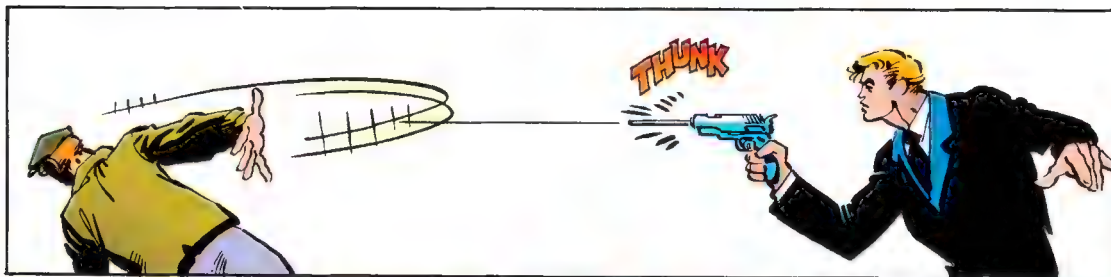


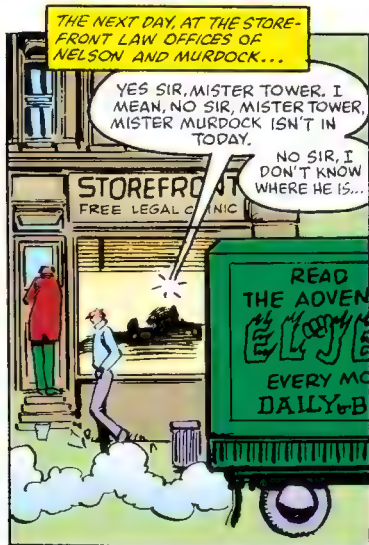
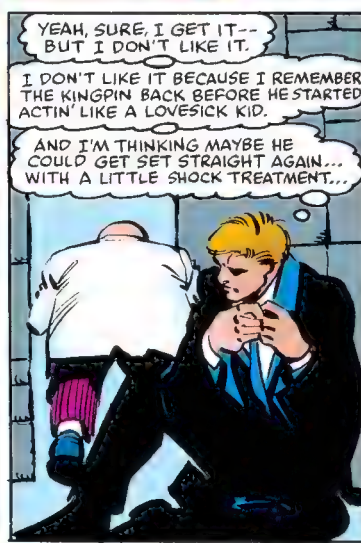
HMMM...I EXPECTED YOU TO BE A MESSENGER, NOT A RECRUIT. NO MATTER. I STILL DON'T LIKE IT.

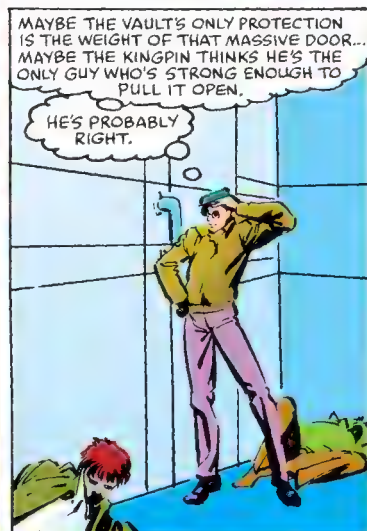
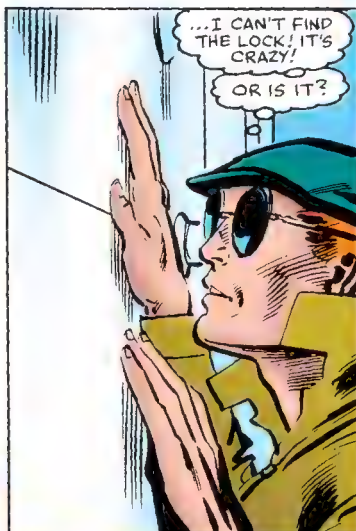
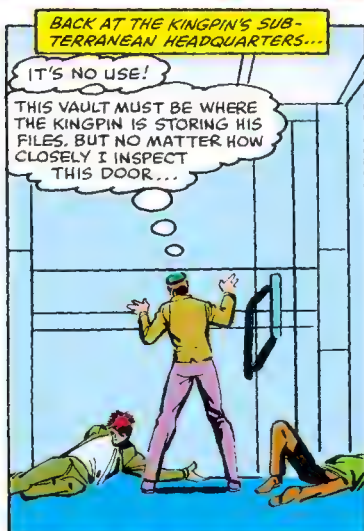
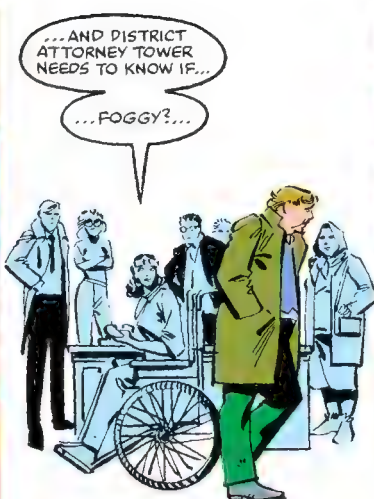
LYNCH--SHOOT HIM.

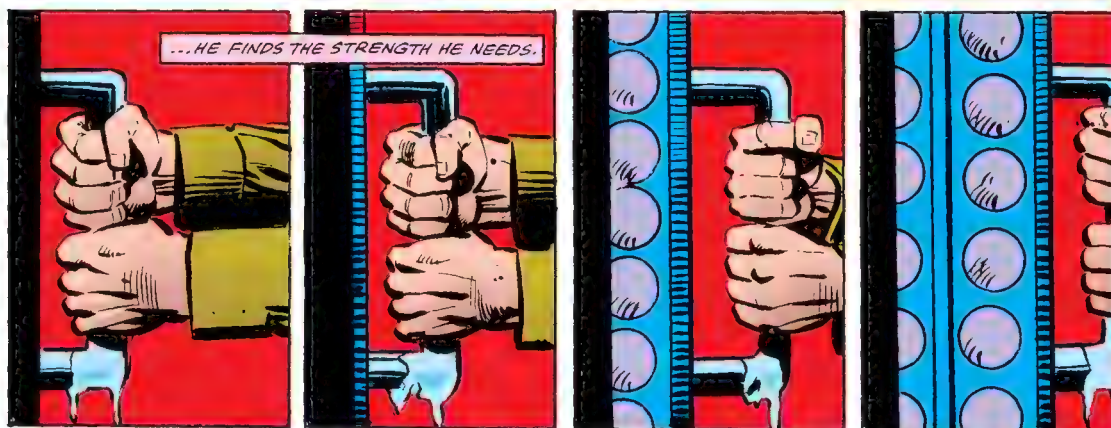
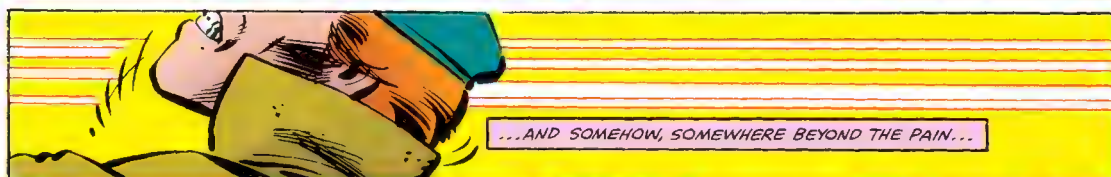
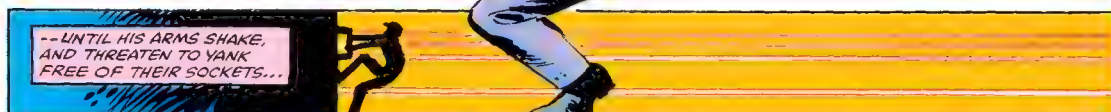
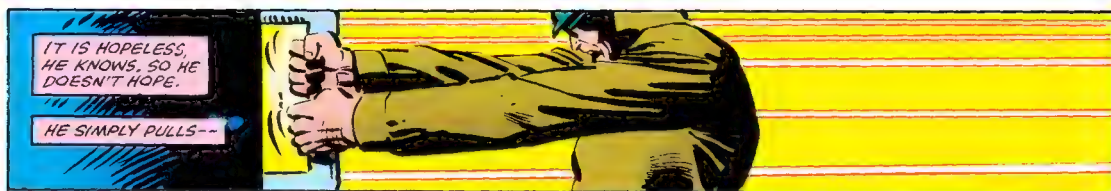
LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU NEED CONVINCING. MIND IF I BORROW YOUR PEN?

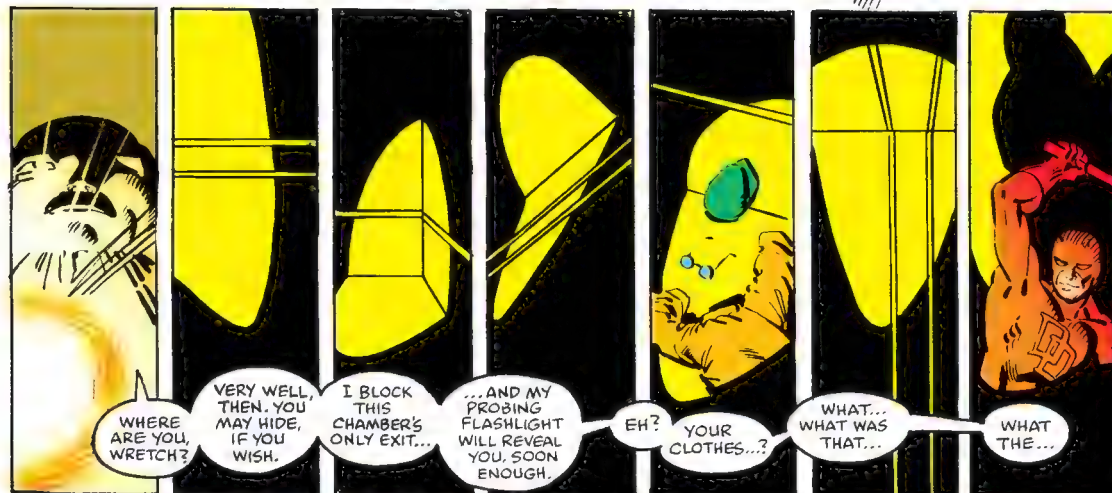
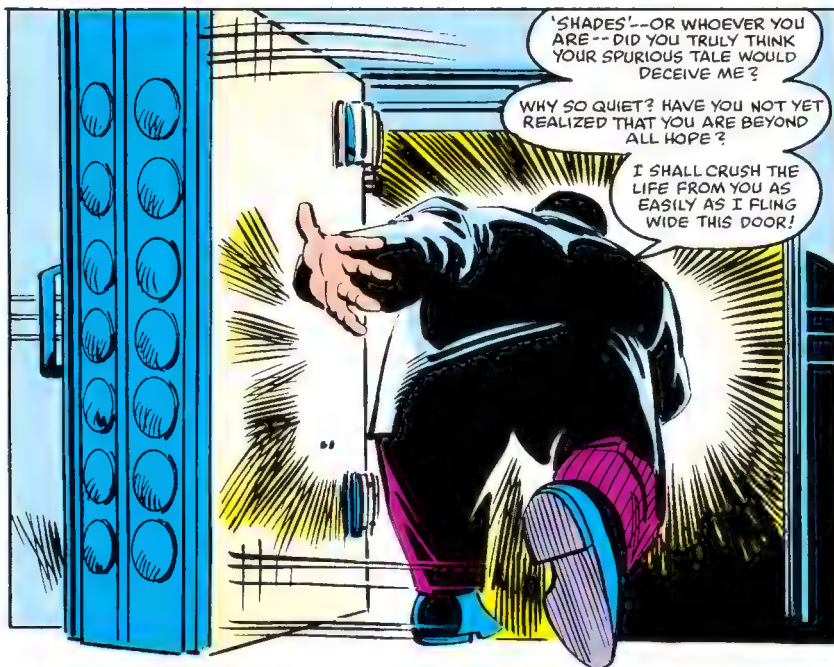
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, PAL, YOU WON'T NEED IT. I PROMISE.

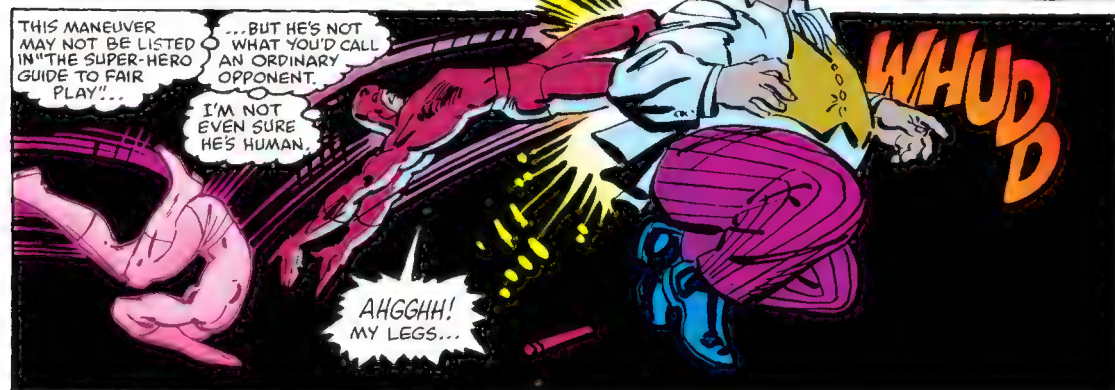
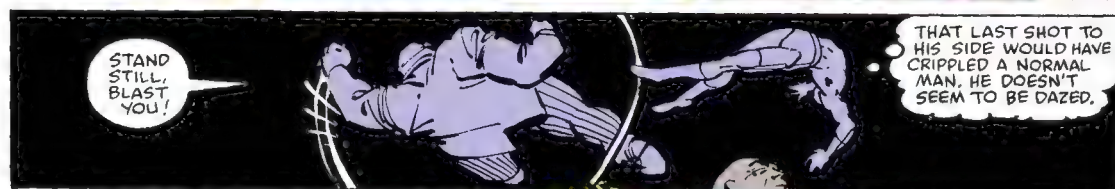
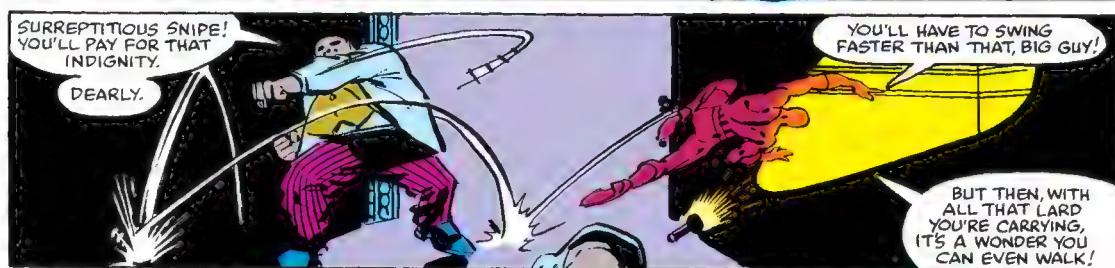
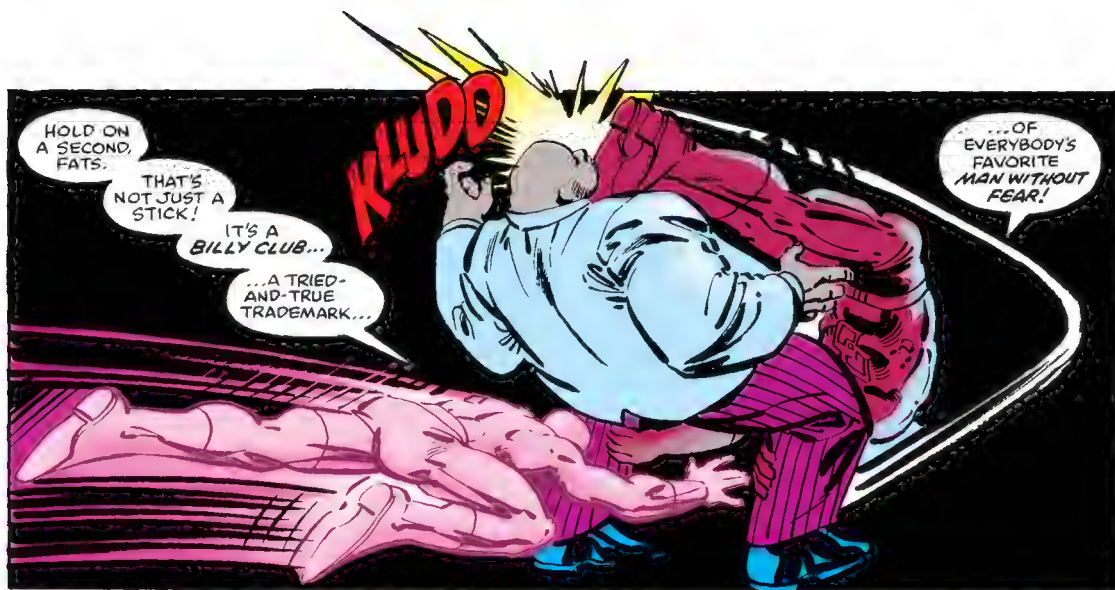


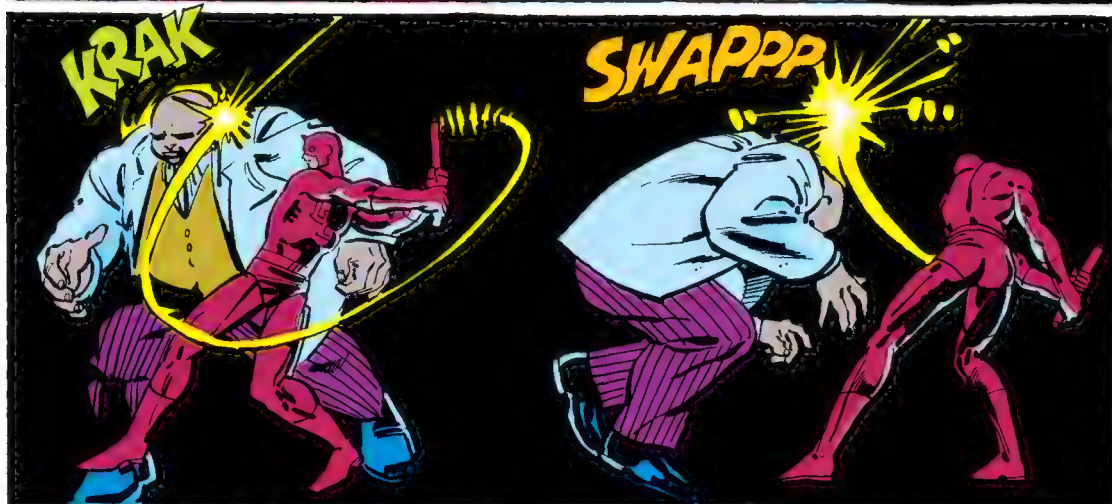
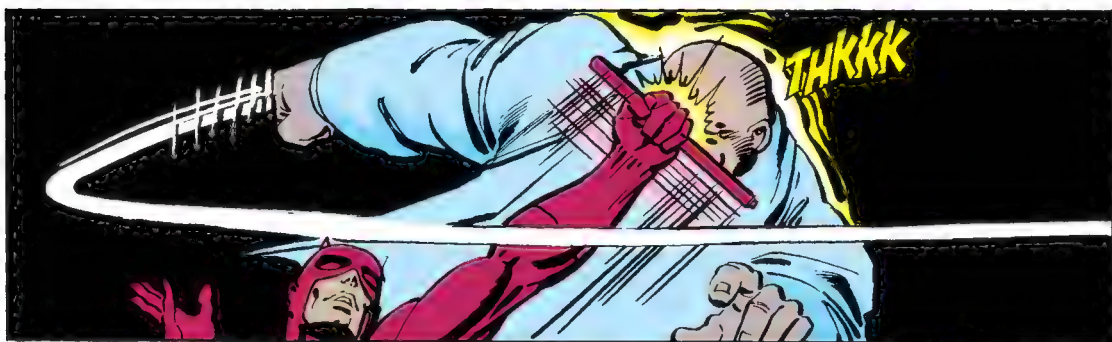




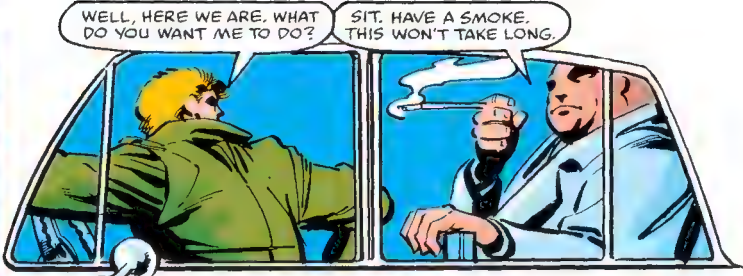






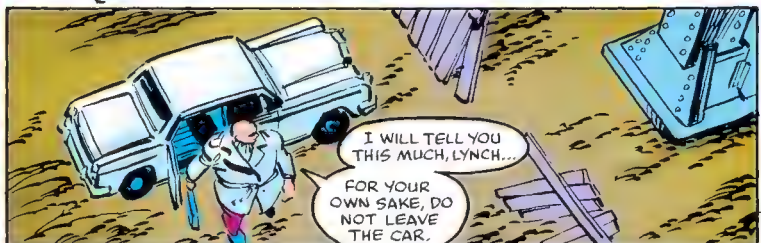


SEVERAL HOURS LATER,
AT A MIDTOWN CON-
STRUCTION SITE...

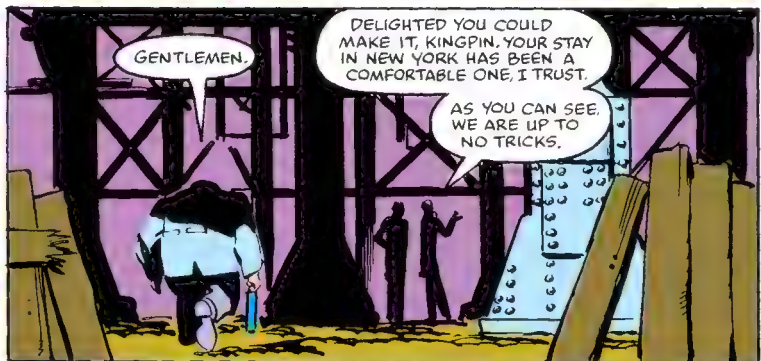


WELL, HERE WE ARE. WHAT
DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

SIT. HAVE A SMOKE.
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.



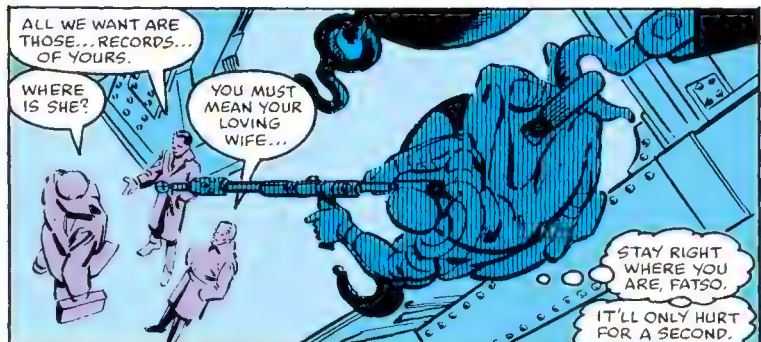
I WILL TELL YOU
THIS MUCH, LYNCH...
FOR YOUR
OWN SAKE, DO
NOT LEAVE
THE CAR.



GENTLEMEN.

DELIGHTED YOU COULD
MAKE IT, KINGPIN. YOUR STAY
IN NEW YORK HAS BEEN A
COMFORTABLE ONE, I TRUST.

AS YOU CAN SEE,
WE ARE UP TO
NO TRICKS.



ALL WE WANT ARE
THOSE... RECORDS...
OF YOURS.

WHERE
IS SHE?

YOU MUST
MEAN YOUR
LOVING
WIFE...

STAY RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE, FATSO.

IT'LL ONLY HURT
FOR A SECOND.



...THE LADY
VANESSA.

WHY, SHE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.
AND SHE'S ALL YOURS, JUST AS
SOON AS WE CHECK OUT YOUR
BRIEFCASE.

YOU WANT
HER VERY
BADLY,
DON'T YOU?

I DON'T
LIKE THIS, BOSS.
YOU COMIN' HERE,
UNGUARDED, NOT
EVEN HAVIN'
A PLAN...

YOU ARE WRONG, LYNCH.
I HAVE A STRATEGY THAT
WILL GAIN ME EVERY-
THING I DESIRE.

I SIMPLY HAVE
NOT CHOSEN TO
DISCUSS IT
WITH YOU.



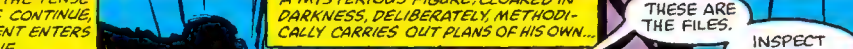
YES.

HOWEVER, AS THE TENSE NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE, A NEW ELEMENT ENTERS THE SCENE.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, CLOAKED IN DARKNESS, DELIBERATELY, METHODICALLY CARRIES OUT PLANS OF HIS OWN...

THESE ARE THE FILES.

INSPECT THEM, IF YOU WISH.

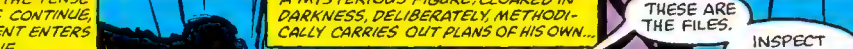


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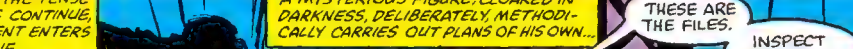


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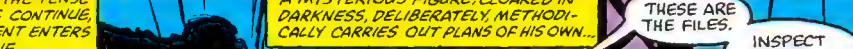


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INSPECT THEM, IF YOU WISH.



WE WISH.

HMPH. WHAT KIND OF BRIEFCASE IS THIS? CAN'T SEEM TO OPEN IT...

OH, HERE'S THE LATCH...

WE WISH.

HMPH. WHAT KIND OF BRIEFCASE IS THIS? CAN'T SEEM TO OPEN IT...

OH, HERE'S THE LATCH...

WE WISH.

HMPH. WHAT KIND OF BRIEFCASE IS THIS? CAN'T SEEM TO OPEN IT...

OH, HERE'S THE LATCH...

[illegible]

VANESSA! DEAREST VANESSA, I HAVE DONE IT!

THEY ARE HELPLESS, BELOVED BUT I DID NOT KILL THEM! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO!

IT'S OVER, MY LOVE! WE CAN RETURN TO JAPAN... LEAVE THIS MADNESS FOREVER BEHIND US... LIVE OUT OUR LIVES IN PEACE!

IT'S FINALLY OVER...

ONE, HOWEVER WAS JUST FAR ENOUGH AWAY TO REMAIN CONSCIOUS.

HE FIGHTS BACK THE PAIN... IGNORES THE RINGING IN HIS EARS... THE BLOOD, POUNDING AT HIS TEMPLES...

HE CRAWLS TO HIS MORTAR DEVICE... AND PASSES A FATEFUL SWITCH.

HIS AIM IS NOT CAREFUL...

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